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Guy Mannering; or the Astrologer. By the author of
'*Waverley*.'

' 'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their ventrous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Three volumes in two. First American edition. Boston, published by West and Richardson, No. 75 Cornhill, and Eastburn, Kirk, and Co. New-York. T. W. White, printer, 1815.

THIS novel, by the author of *Waverley*, bears marks of the same hand, and, as in the title page of the present work there is an extract from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, it was a delicate way of informing the publick, that they were under a mistake in attributing the former one to Walter Scott. Still there is a minuteness, and fidelity in description, of many scenes of nature of no extraordinary occurrence, that are highly picturesque, and seem, though in prose, related to some of Mr. Scott's descriptions in verse. To describe grand and striking scenery is less difficult, than to excite our interest, by painting those frequent appearances, which we are apt to pass over without observation. This course also will be a sure test of good taste, and accurate judgment, if such selections of familiar scenes are made without appearing insipid or vulgar.

As it is almost universal to compare an author with himself, to estimate one of his efforts by another, most persons will give their opinion on the relative merits of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*. We find some difficulty in saying which we prefer on the whole. A work superiour to either, might have been formed by condensing the power of both into one effort. In *Waverley* the superiour characters are conceived with the most force and originality, and drawn with most skill and effect. The contrary is true of *Guy Mannering*. There is nothing remarkable or even interesting in the higher characters, they are quite of an ordinary class, but true to nature however, and making a respectable figure in the dialogue; all the spirit and originality is concentrated in the inferiour characters, who are indeed the most important in

the conduct of the story, and the principal agents in bringing about its denouement. There are four of these, Meg Merrilies, a gypsy, Dominie Sampson, a Scotch school-master and family tutor, Dirk Hatteraick, a Dutch smuggler, and Dandic Dinmont, a Scotch farmer. Their rank may be taken in the order they here stand. Meg, is evidently and deservedly the favourite, though she is briefly described by the Dominie, as being 'harlot, gypsy, witch and thief.' The Dominie is the portrait of an individual rather than a species: contrary to most other pedants, he is made to be very silent, and his character must be got from the whole book, rather than from any particular situation. There is hardly one insulated description, which would give the idea of him as a whole, that results from reading the novel through. Hatteraick is a smuggler and pirate, delineated with energy and fidelity. Dinmont, a Scotch farmer, brawny, honest, generous and humane. There are besides two lawyers, Glossin, a villain, and counsellor Pleydell, an estimable barrister, and who is drawn with something of that peculiarity and accuracy, that strikes us as being a portrait from real life. We do not know if it be refining too far to say, that, independently, of the minute acquaintance with the forms and language of law, which is shown in both these novels, that they are written by a lawyer, because in the present performance, Glossin, who is one of the main characters, and painted as the blackest scoundrel, is made so, entirely from his bad nature, and does not owe his villainy at all to the habits of his profession, to which common writers would certainly have attributed it wholly, or at least in part. There are here and there remarks interspersed on the profession of the law, that are marked with sound sense and just observation, as well as wit and vivacity.

The period of time taken for the action was between thirty and forty years since, as in one place mention is made of '*this weary American war.*' The outline of the story, is briefly as follows: Guy Mannering, a young Englishman, after leaving the University of Oxford, made a tour into the north of England, and extended his ride into the borders of Scotland. Being there benighted one evening in a dreary country, he, after much toil and trouble, reached the dwelling of a Scotch Laird, whose modern mansion, on the sea shore, was built immediately under the ruins of the gloomy Castle of his ancestors, who had, in an

cient times, held large possessions; that different events had curtailed into a moderate patrimony, now held by Godfrey Bertram, a feeble inefficient character, whose affairs were managed by a knavish attorney, called Glossin. His family consisted only of his wife, and an inmate called Dominic Sampson. Guy Mannering arrived at his house on the very evening that his lady brought him an heir to his estate. Meg Merrilies, a gypsy, who was a visiter occasionally, a gang of her tribe being hutted on the estate of Ellangowan, came in on the same evening to prepare a charm in favour of the new-born infant. The Laird, in a jesting humour, told her that they could do without her as the stranger present was a student of Oxford, that could tell fortunes by the stars. Mannering, who had paid some attention to the vain science of Astrology, entered immediately into the joke, and began an astrological conversation, which the Dominic took seriously, and confounded Meg, and the Laird too in the end, by his parade of learning. Mannering cast the boy's nativity and found that he would be exposed to great danger on the completion of his fifth, his tenth and twenty-first year; he gave the calculation to the father, on condition that he should not open the sealed paper that contained it till the infant had completed his fifth year. The day after he took his departure; and he does not appear on the stage again till many years afterwards. Mr. Bertram, soon after the birth of the child is made a magistrate, and begins to clear the village of vagrants, and his estate of the gypsies. This was attended with serious consequences to him. An excise officer, who had become intimate with the Laird of Ellangowan, while in riding to witness the result of a contest between Dirk Hatteraick's lugger and a sloop of war, met the boy walking with his tutor, the child entreated him to take him up; this he did and rode on. Not coming back at evening, great confusion ensued, search was made, Kennedy, the excise officer, was found murdered on the seashore, and no trace of the child could be discovered, this happened on his fifth birth-day. This calamitous news being suddenly communicated at the mansion, Mrs. Bertram, who was then near lying-in, was taken ill at the shock, and the same evening Mr. Bertram became the father of a daughter, and a widower. An interruption of the story for seventeen years now ensues; Guy Mannering had married, gone to India, commanded a regiment, and acquired a for-

tune there. A young officer in his regiment, who was intimate in his family, and in love with his daughter, unknown to the father, but with the approbation of the mother, excited the jealousy of Mannering, who suspected that his attentions were directed to his wife, he challenged him, they fought, the young officer fell, Mannering thought he had killed him; his wife died, and he returned with his daughter to England. When he next appears, it is at the moment that Glossin having, by his iniquitous practices, got possession of the Laird's property, his furniture and estate were to be sold by auction, and he driven away with his daughter, a young woman of seventeen, and the faithful Dominie. The young officer, having recovered from his wounds, and obtained promotion, returned to England to seek Miss Mannering, who was established near the domain of Ellangowan. After a great variety of incidents, which are made highly interesting, the denouement is brought about; the young officer whom Mannering supposed he had killed, is the child of Bertram, Laird of Ellangowan, whose life had been saved by Meg. In revealing the plot, she is shot by Hatteraick, who is secured and taken to prison, where he murders Glossin, who had been his accomplice, and then hangs himself; young Bertram is recognized, reconciled to Mannering, and united to Miss Mannering.

We shall now select some passages from different parts of the work, which will give an idea of the principal characters in the novel, and the author's powers of description. The two first extracts describe Meg Merrilies, for she is never introduced without a description of her appearance. On the evening of Mannering's arrival at Ellangowan he first beholds the gypsy.

' Here the desultory and long narrative of the Laird of Ellangowan was interrupted by the voice of some one ascending the stairs from the kitchen story, and singing at full pitch of voice. The high notes were too shrill for a man, the low seemed too deep for a woman. The words, as far as Mannering could distinguish them, seemed to run thus :

' Canny moment, lucky fit;
' Is the lady lighter yet?
' Be it lad, or be it lass,
' Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

‘ “It’s Meg Merrilies, the gypsey, as sure as I am a sinner,” said Mr. Bertram. The Dominie groaned deeply, uncrossed his legs, drew in the huge splay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it perpendicular, and stretched the other limb over it instead, puffing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke. “What needs ye groan, Dominie? I am sure Meg’s sangs do nae harm.”

‘ “Nor good neither,” answered Dominie Sampson, in a voice whose untunable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Mannering had heard him speak; and as he had been watching, with some curiosity, when this eating, drinking, moving, and smoking automaton would perform the part of speaking, he was a good deal diverted with the harsh timber tones which issued from him. But at this moment the door opened, and Meg Merrilies entered.

‘ Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full six feet high, wore a man’s great-coat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly shoe-thorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment, except her petticoats, seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elf-locks shot out like the snakes of the gorgon, between an old-fashioned bonnet called a Bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated something like real or affected insanity.’

The next day Mannering sees her in a room of the ruined castle, spinning a mystick skein of thread to ascertain the fortune of the child.

‘ She sat upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. A strong sunbeam, through a lofty and narrow window, fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her light for her occupation; the rest of the apartment was very gloomy. Equipt in a habit which mingled the national dress of the Scottish common people with something of an eastern costume, she spun a thread, drawn from wool of three different colours, black, white and grey, by assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery now almost banished from the land, the distaff and spindle. As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm.’

After her work was ended Dirk Hatteraick comes in search of the witch to bless his vessel as he is going to sea; he is thus described:

‘ Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a voice, hoarse as the waves with which it mingled, halloo’d twice, and with increasing impatience—“Meg, Meg Mer-rilies!—Gypsey—hag—tousand deyvils!”

“ I am coming, I am coming, captain,” answered Meg, and in a moment or two the impatient Commander whom she addressed made his appearance from the broken parts of the ruins.

‘ He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong, and thick-set; so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close personal conflict. He was hard-favored, and, which was worse, his face bore nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless frolicsome jollity and vacant curiosity of a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps, as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses towards them. Their gallantry, courage, and hardihood are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landsmen in their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humiliation, are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor when enjoying himself on shore, temper the most formidable points of his character. There was nothing like these in this man’s face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features which would have been harsh and unpleasant under any expression or modification.’

A short dialogue takes place between the parties, when his character is thus further described.

‘ There was a mixture of impudence, hardihood, and suspicious fear about this man, which was expressibly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian, conscious of the suspicion attending his character, yet aiming to bear it down by the affectation of a careless and hardy familiarity. Mannering briefly rejected his proffered

‘civilities ; and, after a surly good morning, he retired with
‘the gypsy to that part of the ruins from which he had
‘first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here
‘descended to the beach, intended probably for the con-
‘venience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair, the
‘couple, equally amiable in appearance, and respectable
‘by profession, descended to the sea side. The soi-disant
‘captain embarked in a small boat with two men who appear-
‘ed to wait for him, and the gypsy remained on the shore,
‘reciting or singing, and gesticulating with great vehe-
‘mence.’

Meg is again portrayed with strong effect, when she and her tribe are driven by the Laird from his estate, which he effected by violence, unroofing and taking out the doors and windows of the cottages in which they lived. He had rode to a distance that day to avoid seeing them, but on his return met the whole group on their march. He had attempted to speak to one or two of them, but had only met with sullenness and defiance. When the stragglers had disappeared,

‘His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is
‘true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their
‘ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious ; but had he
‘endeavoured to render them otherwise ? They were not
‘more irregular characters now, than they had been while
‘they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of
‘subordinate dependants of his family ; and ought the cir-
‘cumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at
‘once such a change in his conduct towards them ? Some
‘means of reformation ought at least to have been tried,
‘before sending seven families at once upon the wide world,
‘and depriving them of a degree of countenance, which
‘withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was
‘also a natural yearning of heart upon parting with so many
‘known and familiar faces ; and to this feeling Godfrey Ber-
‘tram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities
‘of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among
‘the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn
‘his horse’s head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies,
‘who had lagged behind the troops, unexpectedly presented
‘herself.

‘She was standing upon one of those high banks, which,
‘as we before noticed, overhung the road ; so that she was

‘placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though
‘he was on horseback ; and her tall figure, relieved against
‘the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height.
‘We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or
‘rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign
‘costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of add-
‘ing to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps
‘from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her
‘ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red
‘cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban,
‘from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon
‘lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks
‘from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude
‘was that of a sybil in frenzy, as she stretched out, in her
‘right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

“ ‘I’ll be d——d,” said the groom, “if she has not been
‘cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park.”—The Laird
‘made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which
‘was thus perched above his path.

“ ‘Ride your ways,” said the gypsy, “ride your ways,
‘Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram !
‘—This day have ye quenched seven smoaking hearths—
‘see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that.
‘—Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look
‘if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your
‘stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare
‘does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride
‘your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glowr after our
‘folk for?—There’s thirty hearts there, that wad hae
‘wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their
‘life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger—yes—there’s
‘thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the
‘babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o’
‘their bits o’ bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-
‘cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our
‘bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your
‘brow cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I
‘am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that’s yet to
‘be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor,
‘and better folk than their father.—And now, ride e’en
‘your ways, for these are the last words ye’ll ever hear
‘Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I’ll
‘ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.”

‘So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged male-diction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half-a-crown; the gypsey waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

‘Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved: he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that “if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merillies that blessed day.”’

The 13th chapter contains the meeting of Mannering on his return from India, when Mr. Bertram had lost his property by the villainy of Glossin, and was to be forced away from Ellangowan; the description of the auction, and of the whole scene, in which the unhappy Laird dies, is made with much feeling.

‘They told me by the sentence of the law,
 ‘They had commission to seize all thy fortune.—
 ‘Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
 ‘Lording it o’er a pile of massy plate,
 ‘Tumbled into a heap for publick sale;—
 ‘There was another, making villainous jests
 ‘At thy undoing; he had ta’en possession
 ‘Of all thy ancient most domestick ornaments.—*Otway.*’

‘Early next morning, Mannering mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his servant, took the road to Ellangowan. He had no need to enquire the way. A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement, and people of various descriptions streamed to it from all quarters.

‘After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of the ruin presented themselves in the landscape. The thoughts with what different feelings he had lost sight of them so many years before, thronged upon the mind of the traveller.—The landscape was the same; but how changed the feelings, hopes, and views, of the spectator! Then, life and love were new, and all the prospect was

‘gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, ‘sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his ‘mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best ‘hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the ‘melancholy, that was to accompany him to his grave. ‘“ Yet why should an individual mourn over the instability ‘of his hopes, and the vanity of his prospects? The an- ‘cient chiefs, who erected these enormous and massive ‘towers to be the fortress of their race, and the seat of ‘their power, could they have dreamed the day was to ‘come, when the last of their descendants should be expelled, a ruined wanderer, from his possessions! But Nature’s ‘bounties are unaltered. The sun will shine as fair on these ‘ruins, whether the property of a stranger, or of a sordid ‘and obscure trickster of the abused law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements.”

‘These reflections brought Mannering to the door of the ‘house, which was that day open to all. He entered ‘among others, who traversed the apartments, some to select ‘articles for purchase, others to gratify their curiosity. ‘There is something melancholy in such a scene, even under the most favourable circumstances. The confused ‘state of the furniture, displaced for the convenience of ‘being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is ‘disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly ‘and decently arranged, look creditable and well assorted, ‘have then a paltry and wretched appearance; and the ‘apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious ‘and handsome, have an aspect of ruin and dilapidation. It ‘is disgusting also, to see the scenes of domestick society ‘and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and ‘the vulgar; to hear their coarse speculations and jests ‘upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed,—a frolicsome humour much cherished by the ‘whiskey which in Scotland is always put in circulation ‘upon such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of ‘such a scene as Ellangowan now presented; but the moral ‘feeling, that, in this case, they indicated the total ruin of an ‘ancient and honourable family, gave them treble weight and ‘poignancy.

‘It was some time before Colonel Mannering could find ‘any one disposed to answer his reiterated questions concerning Ellangowan himself. At length, an old maid-ser-

‘vant, who held her apron to her eyes as she spoke, told him, “the Laird was something better, and they hoped he would be able to leave the house that day. Miss Lucy expected the chaise every moment, and, as the day was fine for the time o’ year, they had carried him in his easy chair up to the green before the auld castle, to be out of the way of this unca spectacle.” Hither Colonel Mannering went in quest of him, and soon came in sight of the little group, which consisted of four persons. The ascent was steep, so that he had time to reconnoitre them as he advanced, and to consider in what mode he should make his address.

‘Mr. Bertram, paralytick, and almost incapable of moving, occupied his easy chair, attired in his night-cap, and a loose camlet coat, his feet wrapped in blankets. Behind him, with his hands crossed on the cane on which he rested, stood Dominie Sampson, whom Mannering recognised at once.—Time had made no change upon him, unless that his black coat seemed more brown, and his gaunt cheeks more lank, than when Mannering last saw him. On one side of the old man was a sylphlike form—a young woman of about seventeen, whom the Colonel accounted to be his daughter. She was looking, from time to time, anxiously towards the avenue, as if expecting the post-chaise; and between whiles busied herself in adjusting the blankets, so as to protect her father from the cold, and in answering enquiries, which he seemed to make with a capacious and querulous manner. She did not trust herself to look towards the Place, as it was called, although the hum of the assembled crowd must have drawn her attention in that direction. The fourth person of the group was a handsome and genteel young man, who seemed to share Miss Bertram’s anxiety, and her solicitude to sooth and accommodate her parent.

‘This young man was the first who observed Colonel Mannering, and immediately stepped forward to meet him, as if politely to prevent his drawing nearer to the distressed group. Mannering immediately paused and explained. “He was,” he said, “a stranger, to whom Mr. Bertram had formerly shewn kindness and hospitality; he would not have intruded himself upon him at a period of distress, did it not seem to be in some degree a moment also of desertion; he wished merely to offer such services as might be in his power to Mr. Bertram and the young lady.”

‘He then paused at a little distance from the chair. His old acquaintance gazed at him with lack-lustre eye, that intimated no tokens of recognition—the Dominie seemed too deeply sunk in distress even to observe his presence. The young man spoke aside with Miss Bertram, who advanced timidly, and thanked Mr. Mannering for his goodness; “but,” she said, the tears gushing fast into her eyes—“her father, she feared, was not so much himself as to be able to remember him.”

‘She then retreated towards the chair, accompanied by the Colonel.—“Father,” she said, “this is Mr. Mannering, an old friend, come to enquire after you.”

‘“He’s very heartily welcome,”—said the old man, raising himself in his chair, and attempting a gesture of courtesy, while a gleam of hospitable satisfaction seemed to pass over his faded features; “but, Lucy, my dear, let us go down to the house, you should not keep the gentleman here in the cold;—Dominie, take the key of the wine-cooler. Mr. a—a—the gentleman will take something after his ride.”—

‘Mannering was unspeakably affected by the contrast which his recollection made between this reception and that with which he had been greeted by the same individual when they last met. He could not restrain his tears, and his evident emotion at once attained him the confidence of the friendless young lady.

‘“Alas!” said she, “this is distressing even to a stranger;—but it may be better for my poor father to be in this way, than if he knew and could feel all.”

‘A servant in livery now came up the path, and spoke in an under tone to the young gentleman—“Mr. Charles, my lady’s wanting you yonder sadly, to bid for her for the black ebony cabinet; and Lady Jean Devorgoil is wi’ her an a’—ye maun come away directly.”

‘“Tell them you could not find me, Tom, or, stay—say I am looking at the horses.”

‘“No, no, no—” said Lucy Bertram earnestly; “if you would not add to the misery of this miserable moment, go to the company directly.—This gentleman, I am sure, will see us to the carriage.”

‘“Unquestionably, madam,” said Mannering, “your young friend may rely on my attention.”

“ Farewell, then,” said Mr. Charles, and whispered a word in her ear—then ran down the steep hastily, as if not trusting his resolution at a slower pace.

“ Where’s Charles Hazlewood running,” said the invalid, who apparently was accustomed to his presence and attentions; “ where’s Charles Hazlewood running—what takes him away now ?”

“ He’ll return in a little while,” said Lucy gently.

“ The sound of voices was now heard from the ruins. The reader may remember there was a communication between the castle and the beach, up which the speakers had ascended.

“ Yes—there’s plenty of shells and seaware, as you observe—and if one inclined to build a new house, which might indeed be necessary, there’s a great deal of good hewn stone about this old dungeon for the devil here”—

“ Good God !” said Miss Bertram hastily to Sampson, “ ’tis that wretch Glossin’s voice—if my father sees him, it will kill him outright !”

“ Sampson wheeled perpendicularly round, and moved with long strides to confront the attorney, as he issued from beneath the portal arch of the ruin. “ Avoid ye !” he said—“ Avoid ye ! would’st thou kill and take possession ?”

“ Come, come, Master Dominie Sampson,” answered Glossin insolently, “ if ye cannot preach in the pulpit, we’ll have no preaching here. We go by the law, my good friend—we leave the gospel to you.”

“ The very mention of this man’s name had been of late a subject of the most violent irritation to the unfortunate patient. The sound of his voice now produced an instantaneous effect. Mr. Bertram started up without assistance, and turned round towards him; the ghastliness of his features, forming a strange contrast with the violence of his exclamation.—“ Out of my sight, ye viper !—ye frozen viper, that I warmed till ye stung me !—Art thou not afraid that the walls of my father’s dwelling should fall and crush thee limb and bone ?—Are ye not afraid the very lintels of the door of Ellangowan castle should break open and swallow you up !—Were ye not friendless,—houseless,—pennyless,—when I took ye by the hand—and are ye not expelling me—me, and that innocent girl—friendless, houseless, and pennyless, from the house that has sheltered us and ours for a thousand years ?”

‘Had Glossin been alone, he would probably have slunk off; but the consciousness that a stranger was present, besides the person who came with him (a sort of land-surveyor,) determined him to resort to impudence. The task, however, was almost too hard, even for his effrontery—“Sir—Sir—Mr. Bertram—Sir, you should not blame me, but your own imprudence, sir”——

‘The indignation of Mannering was mounting very high. “Sir,” he said to Glossin, “without entering into the merits of this controversy, I must inform you, that you have chosen a very improper place, time, and presence, for it. And you will oblige me by withdrawing without more words.”

‘Glossin being a tall, strong, muscular man, was not unwilling rather to turn upon a stranger whom he hoped to bully, than maintain his wretched cause against his injured patron—“I do not know who you are, sir, and I shall permit no man to use such d—d freedom with me.”

‘Mannering was naturally hot-tempered—his eyes flashed a dark light—he compressed his nether lip so closely that the blood sprung, and, approaching Glossin—“Look you, sir,” he said, “that you do not know me is of no consequence. *I know you*; and, if you do not instantly descend that bank, without uttering a single syllable, by the Heaven that is above us, you shall make but one step from the top to the bottom.”

‘The commanding tone of rightful anger silenced at once the ferocity of the bully. He hesitated, turned on his heel, and, muttering something between his teeth about unwillingness to alarm the lady, relieved them of his hateful company.

‘Mrs. Mac-Candlish’s postillion, who had come up in time to hear what passed, said aloud, “If he had stuck by the way, I would have lent him a heezie, the dirty scoundrel, as willingly as ever I pitched a boddle.”

‘He then stepped forward to announce that his horses were in readiness for the invalid and his daughter.

‘But they were no longer necessary. The debilitated frame of Mr. Bertram was exhausted by this last effort of indignant anger, and when he sunk again upon his chair, he expired almost without a struggle or groan. So little alteration did the extinction of the vital spark make upon his external appearance, that the screams of his daughter,

‘ when she saw his eye fix and felt his pulse stop, first announced his death to the spectators.’

Mannering, after the death of Bertram, had taken his daughter and the Dominie, to reside with him at Woodbourne, an estate in the neighbourhood of Ellangowan. His uncle, a bishop, had died and left him his library, which furnishes employment for the happy Dominie.

‘ While these matters engaged the attention of the other members of the Woodbourne family, Dominie Sampson was engaged, body and soul, in the arrangement of the late bishop’s library, which had been sent from Liverpool by sea, and conveyed by thirty or forty carts from the sea-port at which it was landed. Sampson’s joy at beholding the ponderous contents of these chests arranged upon the floor of the apartment, from whence he was to transfer them to the shelves, baffled all description. He grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a wind-mill, shouted “prodigious” till the roof rung to his raptures. “ He had never,” he said, “ seen so many books together, except in the College Library ;” and now his dignity and delight in being superintendant of the collection, raised him, in his own opinion, almost to the rank of the academical librarian, whom he had always regarded as the greatest and happiest man on earth. Neither were his transports diminished upon a hasty examination of the contents of these volumes. Some, indeed, of belles lettres, poems, plays, or memoirs, he tossed indignantly aside, with the implied censure of “ psha,” or “ frivolous ;” but the greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a very different character. The deceased prelate, a divine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique and venerable attributes so happily described by a modern poet,

‘ That weight of wood, with leathern coat o’erlaid,
 ‘ These ample clasps of solid metal made,
 ‘ The close-press’d leaves unclosed for many an age,
 ‘ The dull red edging of the well-fill’d page,
 ‘ On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll’d,
 ‘ Where yet the title stands in tarnish’d gold.

‘ Books of theology and controversial divinity, commentaries polyglots, sets of the fathers, and sermons, which
 Vol. I. No. 3. 53

‘ might each furnish forth ten brief discourses of modern
‘ date, books of science, ancient and modern, classical
‘ authors in their best and rarest forms ; such formed
‘ the late bishop’s venerable library, and over such
‘ the eye of Dominie Sampson gloated with rapture. He
‘ entered them in the catalogue in his best running hand,
‘ forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a
‘ Valentine, and placed each individually on the destined
‘ shelf with all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay
‘ to a jar of old china. With all this zeal his labours advanced
‘ slowly. He often opened a volume when half way up the
‘ library steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and,
‘ without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued im-
‘ mersed in the fascinating perusal until the servant pulled
‘ him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He
‘ then repaired to the parlour, bolted his food down his
‘ capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered aye
‘ and no at random to whatever question was asked at him,
‘ and again hurried back to the library so soon as his napkin
‘ was removed.

‘ “ How happily the days
‘ Of Thalaba went bye ! ” ’

Bertram’s son, who passed under the name of Brown, made a pedestrian excursion to Scotland to find Miss Mannering, on his way he falls in company with Dinmont, the Scotch farmer, sees Meg Merrillies who is much struck with his appearance, saves the farmer’s life when attacked by ruffians, passes a few days with him at his farm, and then takes a post-chaise to reach the village, near which Miss Mannering resided ; on his way he is benighted, and he leaves the chaise, which is afterwards robbed, when he meets with an adventure of the terriffick kind, that is strongly described. Meg Merrillies preserves him from being murdered, gives him a purse to supply his wants ; as the chaise was robbed in his absence, makes him promise that he never will reveal what he has seen that night, and that when she next calls upon him, in whatever situation he may be at the time, he will leave every thing and follow her.

The first time Mannering sees Mr. Pleydell, a celebrated advocate, gives rise to the description of an amusing scene. He arrived at the advocate’s lodgings of a Saturday evening, and at the same moment that Dandie Dinmont, the

Scotch farmer had also come to consult the same gentleman. After being told that he is passing the evening with some friends at a tavern, they proceed thither, Mannering following Dinmont through the crowd, till they reached the house which their guide told them was the tavern where they would find Mr. Pleydell.

‘Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley—then up a dark stair—and then into an open door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie-dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good society, should chuse such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the day-time, at second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane through the window opposite. At present the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of Pandæmonium, where men and women, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her hair straggling like that of Mægera from under a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the mistress enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

‘Loud and repeated bursts of laughter, from different quarters of the house proved that her labours were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dinmont, the room where their friend, learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carousals. The scene which it exhibited, and particularly the attitude of the counsellor himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with astonishment.

‘Mr. Pleydell was a lively sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manner. But this, like

‘his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a Saturday evening when surrounded by a party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. Upon the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four o’clock, and, at length, under the direction of a venerable compotator, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicksome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High Jinks*. This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely set when Mannering entered the room.

‘Mr. Counsellor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in an elbow-chair placed on the dining-table, his scratch wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine, while his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps of verse as these :

‘Where is Gerunto now ? and what’s become of him ?

‘Gerunto’s dead because he could not swim, &c. &c.

‘Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports of thy Scottish children ! Dinmont was first in the room. He stood aghast a moment—and then exclaimed, “It’s him, sure enough—Deil o’ the like o’ that I ever saw !”

‘At the sound of “Mr. Dinmont and Colonel Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir,” Pleydell turned his head, and blushed a little when he saw the very genteel figure of the English stranger.—He was, however, of the opinion of Falstaff, “Out, ye villains, play out the play !” wisely judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned.—“Where be our guards ?” exclaimed this second Justinian ; “see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts arrived at this our court of Holy-rood,—with our bold

‘yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of justice, they feed as safe as if they were within the bounds of Fife? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our Marchmount, our Carrick, and our Snow-down?—Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regaled as beseemeth their quality, and this our high holiday—to-morrow we will hear their tidings.”

“So please you, my liege, to-morrow’s Sunday,” said one of the company.—

“Sunday, is it? then we will give no offence to the assembly of the kirk—on Monday shall be their audience.”

‘Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac-Morlan for sending him to consult with a crack-brained humourist. He therefore advanced with three profound congees, and craved permission, to lay his credentials at the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humour of the moment, and the deep and humble inclination with which he at first declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master of the ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

“Deil hae me, if they are na a mad thegither!” said Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bottom of the table, “or else they hae ta’en Yule before it comes, and are ganging a guisarding.”

‘A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning monarch. “You are, I presume to guess,” said the monarch, “that celebrated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gascony lose their flavour in our more northern realm.”

‘Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by professing himself only a distant relation of the prierux chevalier, and added, “that in his opinion the wine was superlatively good.”

“It’s ower cauld for my stomach,” said Dinmont, setting down the glass, (empty however.)

“ We will correct that quality,” answered King Paulus, “ the first of the name ; “ we have not forgotten that the moist and humid air of our valley of Liddle inclines to stronger potations.—Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy ; it will be more german to the matter.”

“ And now,” said Mannering, “ since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on these affairs of weight which have brought him to your northern capital.”

“ The monarch opened Mac-Morlan’s letter, and running it hastily over, exclaimed, with his natural voice and manner, “ Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie !”

“ A forfeit ! a forfeit !” exclaimed a dozen voices, “ his majesty has forgot his kingly character.”

“ Not a whit ! not a whit !” replied the king, “ I’ll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree ? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, an adjudged case in point ?”

“ Professional ! professional !—another forfeit,” exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.

“ Had not our royal predecessors,” continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamours.—“ Had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden whom we delight to honour ? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereignty ! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne.”

“ So saying, he flung away his crown, sprung from his exalted station with more agility than could have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand basin and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering’s great surprise, looked perfectly a different man from the childish Bacchanal he had been a moment before. “ There are folks,” he said, “ Mr. Mannering, before whom one should take care how they play the fool—because they have either too much malice, or too little wit, as the poet says.

‘ The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to
‘ shew I am not ashamed to expose myself before him—and
‘ truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night
‘ upon your good-nature.

The next morning being Sunday, Mr. Pleydell called on Mannering to take him to church. We extract a paragraph to shew his different appearance from the evening before, and a remark of his on coming out of church.

‘ In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet
‘ and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson, were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out,
‘ after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr.
‘ Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely-dressed
‘ bob-wig, upon every hair of which a zealous and careful
‘ barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a
‘ well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold
‘ buckles and stock buckle; a manner rather reserved and
‘ formal than intrusive, but with all that, shewing only the
‘ formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a
‘ countenance, the expressive and somewhat comic features
‘ of which were in complete repose;—all shewed a being
‘ perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening
‘ before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye
‘ was the only marked expression which recalled the man
‘ of “Saturday at e’en.”

‘ “I am come,” said he with a very polite address, “to
‘ use my regal authority in your behalf in spirituals as well
‘ as temporals—can I accompany you to the presbyterian
‘ kirk, or episcopal meeting-house?—*Tros Tyriusve*, a lawyer, you know, is of both religions, or rather I should say
‘ of both forms—or can I assist in passing the forenoon
‘ otherwise? You’ll excuse my old fashioned importunity—I
‘ was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he
‘ slept—but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude.”

‘ “And yet that reverend gentleman,” said Pleydell,
‘ “whom I love for his father’s sake and his own, has
‘ nothing of the souring or pharasaical pride which has been
‘ imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic
‘ Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head
‘ different parties in the kirk, about particular points of
‘ church discipline; but without for a moment losing personal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malig-

‘nity to interfere in an opposition steady, constant, and
‘apparently conscientious on both sides.”

“And you, Mr. Pleydell, what do you think of the
‘points of difference?”

“Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven
‘without thinking about them at all—besides, *entre nous*,
‘I am a member of the suffering and episcopal church of
‘Scotland—the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so
‘—but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me,
‘without thinking worse of the presbyterian forms, because
‘they do not affect me with the same associations.”

There is a scene between the Dominie and Meg Merril-
lies, in which the contrast of the two is strongly shewn, and
the ludicrous and the terrible, mixed up with considerable
art. The former had gone one morning to visit the wood
of Warroch, from which his pupil, young Bertram, had
been mysteriously lost, so many years before. On his
way home, in passing a ruin on the estate of Ellangowan,
which had the reputation of being haunted, he encountered
the gipsy.

‘What then was his astonishment, when, on passing the
‘door—that door which was supposed to have been placed
‘there by one of the latter lairds of Ellangowan, to prevent
‘presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the
‘haunted vault—that very door supposed to be always
‘locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be
‘deposited with the presbytery—that very door opened
‘suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrillies, well known,
‘though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at
‘once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood
‘immediately before him in the foot-path, confronting him
‘so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly
‘turning back, which his manhood prevented him from
‘thinking of.

“I kenn’d ye wad be here,” she said, with her harsh
‘and hollow voice: “I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do
‘my bidding.”

“Get thee behind me!” said the alarmed Dominie—
“Avoid ye!—*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—*
‘*spurcissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—conjuro*
‘*te!!!*”—

‘Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of
‘superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of

‘ his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. “Is the carl daft,” she said, “wi’ his glamour?”’

“*Conjuro*,” continued the Dominie, “*adjuro, contestor, atque viriliter impero tibi !*”——

“What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi’ your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye stickit stibler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it whiles there’s a limb o’ye hings to anither!—Tell Colonel Mannering that I ken he’s seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

‘ And Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might

‘ Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

‘ Hae, there’s a letter to him ; I was gaun to send in another way.—I canna write mysell ; but I hae them that will baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the time’s coming now, and the wierd’s dree’d and the wheel’s turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before ; will ye mind a’ this ?”

“Assuredly,” said the Dominie, “I am dubious—for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee.”

“They’ll do you nae ill though, and may be muckle gude.”

“Avoid ye ! I desire nae good that comes by unlawful means.”

“Fule-body that thou art,” said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation, that made her dark eyes flash like lamps, from under her bent brows, “Fule-body ! if I meant ye wrang, could na I clod ye ower that craig and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than Frank Kennedy ? Hear ye that, ye worricow ?”

“In the name of all that is good,” said the Dominie, recoiling and pointing his long pewter-headed walking cane like a javelin at the supposed sorceress, “in the name of all that is good, bide off hands ! I will not be handled—woman, stand off upon thine own proper peril !—desist, I say—I am strong—lo, I will resist !”——Here his speech was cut short, for Meg, armed with supernatural strength, (as the Dominie asserted) broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted

‘ him into the vault, “as easily,” said he, “as I could sway a Kitchen’s atlas.”

‘ “Sit down there,” she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher, with some violence against a broken chair, “sit down there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o’ the kirk that ye are—are ye fou or fasting?”

‘ “Fasting from all but sin,” answered the Dominie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over, however, the wholesome conjurations which he durst no longer utter aloud. But as the Dominie’s brain was by no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes escaped, and mingled with his uttered speech, in a manner ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk himself together after every escape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of the witch.

‘ Meg, in the meanwhile, went to a great black cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lifting the lid, an odour was diffused through the vault, which, if the vapours of a witch’s cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are usually supposed to contain. It was, in fact, the savour of a godly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moor-game, boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions and leeks, and, from the size of the cauldron, appeared to be prepared for half a dozen of people at least. “So ye hae eat naething a’ day?” said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and strewing it savourily with salt and pepper.

‘ “Nothing,” answered the Dominie—“*scelestissima*!—that is—gudewife.”

‘ “Hae then,” said she, placing the dish before him, “there’s what will warm your heart.”

‘ “I do not hunger—*malefica*—that is to say—Mrs. Merillies,” for he said unto himself, “the savour is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia, or an Ericthoe.”

‘ “If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt, I’ll put it down your throat wi’ the cutty spoon, scauding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow!”

‘Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers’
 ‘chaudrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture ;
 ‘but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy,
 ‘which flowed from his chops, as it were, in streams of
 ‘water, and the witch’s threats decided him to feed. Hun-
 ‘ger and fear are excellent casuists.

‘“Saul,” said Hunger, “feasted with the witch of En-
 ‘dor.”—“And,” quoth Fear, “the salt which she sprin-
 ‘kled upon the food, sheweth plainly it is not a necromantick
 ‘banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs.” “And
 ‘besides,” says Hunger, after the first spoonfull, “it is
 ‘savoury and refreshing viands.”

‘“So ye like the meat?” said the hostess.

‘“Yea,” answered the Dominie, “and I give thee
 ‘thanks—*sceleratissima!*—which means—Mrs. Margaret.”

‘“Aweel, eat your fill ; but an ye kenn’d how it was
 ‘gotten, ye may be wadna like it sae weel.”

‘Sampson’s spoon dropped, in the act of conveying its
 ‘load to his mouth. “There’s been mony a moon-light
 ‘watch to bring a’ that trade thegither—the folk that are to
 ‘eat that dinner, thought little o’ your game-laws.”

‘“Is that all?” thought Sampson, resuming his spoon,
 ‘and shovelling away manfully ; “I will not lack my food
 ‘upon that argument.”

‘“Now ye maun tak a dram.”

‘“I will,” quoth Sampson—“*conjuro te*—that is, I thank
 ‘you heartily,” for he thought to himself, in for a penny, in for
 ‘a pound, and he fairly drank the witches health in a cup-
 ‘full of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon
 ‘Meg’s good cheer, he felt, as he said, “mightily elevated,
 ‘and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him.”

‘“Will ye remember my errand now?” said Meg Mer-
 ‘rillies ; “I ken by the cast o’ your e’e that ye’re anither
 ‘man than when you cam in.”

‘“I will, Mrs. Margaret,” repeated Sampson stoutly ;
 ‘“I will deliver unto him the sealed yepistle, and will add
 ‘what you please to send by word of mouth.”

‘“Then I’ll make it short,” says Meg ; “tell him to look
 ‘at the stars without fail this night, and to do what I desire
 ‘him in that letter, as he would wish

• That Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might

• Should meet on Ellangowan height.

‘ I have seen him twice when he saw na me ; I ken when he
‘ was in this country first, and I ken what’s brought him
‘ back again. Up, and to the gate ! ye’re ower lang here—
‘ follow me.”

‘ Sampson followed the sybil accordingly, who guided
‘ him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a
‘ shorter cut than he could have found for himself ; they
‘ then entered upon the common, Meg still marching before
‘ him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small
‘ hillock which overhung the road.

‘ “ Here,” she said, “ stand still here. Look how the
‘ setting sun breaks through yon cloud that’s been darken-
‘ ing the lift a’ day. See where the first stream o’ light
‘ fa’s—it’s upon Donagild’s round tower—the auldest tower
‘ in the castle of Ellangowan—that’s no for naething—See
‘ as it’s glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay—
‘ that’s no for naething neither.—Here I stood on this very
‘ spot,” said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one
‘ hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out
‘ her long sinewy arm, and clenched hand, “ Here I stood,
‘ when I tauld the last Laird of Ellangowan what was com-
‘ ing on his house—and did that fa’ to the ground ?—na—
‘ it hit even ower sair !—And here, where I brake the wand
‘ of peace ower him—here I stand again—to bid God bless
‘ and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan, that will sune be
‘ brought to his ain ; and the best laird he shall be that
‘ Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years. I’ll no live
‘ to see it, may be ; but there will be mony a blithe e’e see
‘ it, though mine be closed. And now, Abel Sampson, as
‘ ever ye lo’ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi’ my mes-
‘ sage to the English Colonel, as if life and death were
‘ upon your haste !”

‘ So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed Domi-
‘ nie, and regained with swift and long strides, the shelter
‘ of the wood from which she had issued, at the point where
‘ it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed
‘ after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then
‘ obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne, at a
‘ pace very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, “ Pro-
‘ digious ! prodigious ! pro-di-gi-ous !” ’

When Bertram had been recognized, and while walking
out with his sister and Miss Mannering, Meg came to call
upon him to fellow her as he had promised, and brought

Dinmont to accompany him. In spite of the fears of the ladies he determined to go—their departure is described with the same spirit that the author always discovers when Meg is on the scene.

‘He pressed his sister’s hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupified with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with their eyes the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight across the common, without turning aside to the winding path, by which passengers avoid the inequalities and little rills which traversed it in different directions.—Thus the diminishing figures often disappeared from the eye, as they dived into such broken ground, and again ascended to sight when they were past the hollow. There was something frightful and unearthly, as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she pursued, undeterred by any of the impediments which usually incline a traveller from the direct path. Her way was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird through the air. At length they reached those thickets of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the common towards the glades and brook of Derncleugh, and were there lost to the view.’

Mannering, Pleydell and young Hazlewood come up, the girls relate the departure of Bertram with the gipsy; and Hazlewood who is on horseback, goes after them.

‘We now return to Bertram and Dinmont, who continued to follow their mysterious guide though the woods and dingles, between the open common and the ruined hamlet of Derncleugh. As she led the way, she never looked back upon her followers, unless to chide them for loitering, though the sweat, in spite of the season, poured from their brows. At other times she spoke to herself in such broken expressions as these—“It is to rebuild the auld house—it is to lay the corner stone—and did I not warn him?—I tauld him I was born to do it, if my father’s head had been the stepping-stone, let alone his.—I was doomed —still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stock—I

‘ was banished—I kept it in an unco land ;—I was scourged
‘ —I was branded—It lay deeper than scourge or red iron
‘ could reach—and now the hour is come.”——

“ Captain,” said Dinmont, in a half whisper, “ I wish
‘ she binna uncanny—her words dinna seem to come in
‘ God’s name, or like other folk’s. Odd, they threep in our
‘ country that there are sic things.”

“ Don’t be afraid, my friend.”

“ Fear’d ! fient a haet care I, be she witch or devil ; it’s
‘ a’ ane to Dandie Dinmont.”

“ Hold your peace, gudeman,” said Meg, looking sternly
‘ over her shoulder ; “ is this a time or place for you to
‘ speak, think ye ? ”

“ But, my good friend,” said Bertram, “ I have no
‘ doubt in your good faith, or kindness, which I have expe-
‘ rienced ; but you should have some confidence in me—I
‘ wish to know where you are leading me.”

“ There’s but ae answer to that, Henry Bertram. I
‘ swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my
‘ finger should never shew. Go on and meet your fortune,
‘ or turn back and lose it—that’s a’ I hae to say.”

“ Go on then,” answered Bertram, “ I will ask no more
‘ questions.”

‘ They descended into the glen about the same place
‘ where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She
‘ paused an instant beneath the tall rock where he had wit-
‘ nessed the burial of a dead body, and stamped upon the
‘ ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been
‘ taken, shewed vestiges of having been recently moved.
‘ Here rests ane,” she said, “ he’ll may be hae neibors
‘ sune.”

‘ She then moved up the brook until she came to the
‘ ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and
‘ softened interest before one of the gables which was still
‘ standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn
‘ as before, “ Do you see that blackened and broken end of a
‘ sheeling ?—there my kettle boiled for forty years—there I
‘ bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters—where are they
‘ now ?—where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree
‘ at Martinmas—the west wind has made it bare—and I’m
‘ stripped too.—Do you see that saugh tree ?—it’s but a
‘ blackened rotten stump now—I’ve sate under it mony a
‘ bony summer afternoon when it hung its gay garlands

‘ ower the poppling water.—I’ve sate there, and,” elevating her voice, “I’ve held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars—It will ne’er be green again, and Meg Merrillies will never sing blithe sangs mair. But ye’ll no forget her, and ye’ll gar big up the auld wa’s for her sake?—and let somebody live there that’s ower gude to fear them of another warld—For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I’ll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould.”

‘ The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended, her left bent and shrouded beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. “And now,” she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her—“let us to the wark—let us to the wark.”’

The gipsy led them over the same ground, where Bertram had been kidnapped when a boy, to the cavern on the sea-shore, in which several scenes of the novel are laid.—There Hatteraick was concealed whom she meant to deliver up to them. She had given them as a signal to fall upon him and bind him when she said the words, *the hour and the man are baith come*. Dinmont, Hazlewood, and Bertram had followed her into the cavern, and concealed behind some brush-wood, were waiting the result.

‘ The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade upon the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation, they could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged

‘ cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the
‘ circumstances of his situation and the deep gloom of his
‘ mind, assorted well with the rugged and broken vault, which
‘ rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of
‘ Meg Merrilies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the
‘ light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or darkness,
‘ contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick
‘ as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture
‘ was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the
‘ female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a
‘ spectre.

‘ Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick.
‘ He remembered him well under the name of Jansen,
‘ which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Kennedy,
‘ and he remembered, also, that this Jansen and his
‘ mate Brown, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy.
‘ Bertram knew farther, from piecing his own imperfect recollections
‘ with the narratives of Mannering and Pleydell, that this man
‘ was the prime agent in the act of violence which tore him from
‘ his family and country, and had exposed him to so many distresses
‘ and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections rose within
‘ his bosom; and he could hardly refrain from rushing upon
‘ Hatteraick and blowing his brains out. At the same time this
‘ would have been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and
‘ fell, while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested
‘ frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pistols
‘ in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass: it was not
‘ to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate with
‘ his personal strength and means of resistance. Both, indeed,
‘ were inadequate to encounter the combined power of two such
‘ men as Bertram himself and his friend Dimmont, without
‘ reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazlewood, who was
‘ unarmed, and of a slighter make; but Bertram felt there would
‘ be neither sense nor valour in anticipating the hangman’s
‘ office, and he considered the importance of making
‘ Hatteraick prisoner alive. He therefore repressed his
‘ indignation, and awaited what should pass between the
‘ ruffian and his gypsy guide.

‘ “And how are ye now?” said the harsh and discordant
‘ tone of his attendant: “Said I not it would come upon
‘ you—aye, and in this very cave, where ye harboured
‘ after the deed?”

“Wetter and sturm, ye hag! keep your deyvil’s mat-tins till they’re wanted. Have you seen Glossin?”

“No: you’ve missed your blow, ye blood-spiller! and ye have nothing to expect from the tempter.”

“Hagel! if I had him but by the throat!—and what am I to do then?”

“Do?” answered the gypsey, “Die like a man, or be hanged like a dog!”

“Hanged, ye hag of Satan!—the hemp’s not sown that shall hang me.”

“It’s sown, and it’s grown, and it’s heckled, and it’s twisted. Did I not tell ye when ye wad take away the boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers,—did I not say he would come back when he had dree’d his wierd in foreign land till his twenty-first year?—Did I not say the auld fire would burn down to a spark, and wald kindle again?”

“Well, mother, you did say so; and, donner and blitzen! I believe you spoke the truth—that younker of El-langowan has been a rock a-head to me all my life! and now, with Glossin’s cursed contrivance, my crew have been cut off, my boats destroyed, and I dare say the lugger’s taken—there were not men enough to work her, far less to fight her—a dredge-boat might have taken her. And what will the owners say?—Hagel and sturm! I shall never dare go back again to Flushing.”

“You’ll never need.”

“What are you doing there, and what makes ye say that?”

During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before an answer to his question, she dropped a firebrand upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended Meg answered the ruffian’s question in a firm and steady voice:—
“*Because the Hour’s come, and the Man.*”

At the appointed signal, Bertram and Dinmont sprung over the brushwood, and rushed upon Hatteraick. Hazlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was an instant later. The ruffian, who instantly saw he was betrayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merrilies, at whom he discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing and dreadful cry, between the shriek of pain and the

‘ sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffocating height. “I kenn’d it would be this way,” she said.

‘ Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven rock which floored the cave; a fortunate stumble, for Hatteraick’s second bullet whistled over him with so true and steady an aim, that had he been standing upright, it must have lodged in his brain. Ere Hatteraick could draw another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavoured by main force to pinion down his arms. Such, however, was the wretch’s personal strength, joined to the efforts of his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont through the blazing flax, and had well nigh succeeded in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazlewood, come to his assistance, when, by main force, and no ordinary exertion of it, they threw him on the ground, disarmed him, and bound him. This scuffle, though it takes up some time in the narrative, passed in less than a single minute. When he was fairly mastered, after one or two desperate and almost convulsionary struggles, Hatteraick lay perfectly still and silent. “He’s gaun to die game ony how,” said Dinmont; “weel, I like him na the waur o’ that.”

There is much sound sense and just observation, as well as vivacity in the dialogue, particularly in the scenes where Mr. Pleydell is introduced. There are two fragments of the dialogue which contain remarks on the law, which we may cite as confirmation of this remark.

‘ “Will you be able to carry this honest fellow’s cause for him?” said Mannering.

‘ “Why, I don’t know; the battle is not to the strong, but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest of our profession, that we seldom see the best side of human nature.—People come to us with every selfish feeling, newly pointed and grinded; they turn down the very caulkers of their animosities and prejudice, as smiths do with horses’ shoes in a white frost.—Many a man has come to my garret yonder, that I have at first longed to pitch out at the window, and yet, at length, have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreasonable.”

‘ble. I have now satisfied myself, that if our profession
‘sees more of human folly and human roguery than others,
‘it is as affording the only channel through which they can
‘vent themselves. In civilized society, law is the chimney
‘through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to
‘circulate through the whole house, and put every one’s
‘eyes out—no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should
‘sometimes get a little sooty.—But we will take care our
‘Liddesdale-man’s cause is well conducted and well argued,
‘so all unnecessary expense will be saved—he shall have
‘his pine-apple at wholesale price.”’

‘“And now,” said Pleydell, “make out warrants of commitment for Hatteraick and Glossin until liberated in due course of law. I am sorry for Glossin.”’

‘“Now, I think,” said Mannering, “he’s incomparably the least deserving of pity of the two. The other’s a bold fellow, though as hard as a flint.”’

‘“Very natural, Colonel, that you should be interested in the ruffian and I in the knave—that’s all professional taste—but I can tell you Glossin would have been a pretty lawyer, had he not had such a turn for the roguish part of the profession.”’

‘“Scandal would say, he might not be the worse lawyer for that.”’

‘“Scandal would tell a lie, then, as she usually does. Law’s like laudanum; its much more easy to use it as a quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician.”’

The denouement is extremely well brought about, and there are some scenes of strong interest, such, among others, are the interview between Glossin and Hatteraick in the cavern, and the last scene between Hatteraick and Glossin in the prison, in which the former murders the latter and then commits suicide. The scene, too, where young Bertram first meets Glossin on his paternal state, is finely managed. Meg is the agent who counteracts all the plots of Glossin, and has the principal management in restoring Bertram to his rights.

If the higher characters in this novel had been given with the same force as the inferior ones, it might be safely predicted that it would become a permanent work. There are, however, considerable defects. It must always be in some degree confined to Scotland, as so much of the dialogue is

in the peculiar dialect of that country ; add to this the cant language of the gypsies and smugglers, and the low Dutch of Dirk Hatteraick, and a great part of the dialogue must be mere gibberish to the majority of readers, without a glossary—Besides all the unintelligible words from these sources, the author has ventured on coining one or two new ones. *Appetising*, from the French *appetisant*, is a convenient term, but it is not English—and there is an instance of the modern fashion of making all substantives plural, which only adds to the hissing sound of the language, without any increase of force ; the word is, *neatnesses*, which is absolutely barbarous.